

Skrewdriver



SONGBOOK

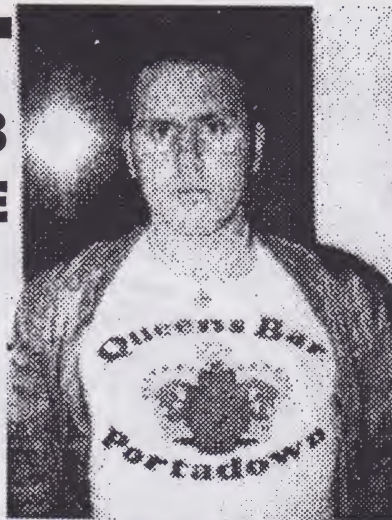
**AN ASSORTED COLLECTION OF SKREWDRIVER SONGS
PUBLISHED IN REMEMBRANCE OF IAN STUART R.I.P.**

IAN STUART

11/8/58 - 23/9/93

MURDERED BY THE BRITISH STATE

FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS



As this tribute is written, almost 4 years have elapsed since the founder of Blood & Honour, Ian Stuart Donaldson, lost his life in a car 'accident' in September 1993. We may never know the full truth about what happened on that fateful day, but one thing we are certain of: Ian's message and the ideals he stood for will never die. Ian was a unique individual, his talents will not be surpassed by anyone either now or in the years to come, and the reason why he died is that the system decided that enough was enough, the death of Ian Stuart will mean the end of the Blood & Honour movement, the end of any alternative to the brainwashing crap they pump into young people's heads 24 hours a day.

How wrong they were! Ian's murder has only strengthened our resolve. We are now more than ever determined to smash their corrupt system that has kept the European people in chains for centuries. By carrying Ian's message of White Pride and White Resistance we are planting the seeds of the future revolution. The revolution that will completely destroy their evil and bring about a new dawn for our people.

We must live also in the same way that Ian did. He never wanted fame or fortune. He never wanted to be a 'media star' worshipped by millions of mindless zombies. He only wanted to safeguard the future of his White racial brothers and sisters around the world and the future of those as yet unborn. To those who want to make money out of the memory of Ian - Fuck Off! We don't want you - we don't need you. We won't lower this tribute to Ian by mentioning your names but you can sit there counting your shekels, your thirty pieces of silver, one day it will all be as worthless as you are. Ian rejected you - he rejected everything you stand for - you're not even fit to mention his name. We are Ian's heirs - the people who live for the movement, not for the money.

This small tribute to Ian Stuart is a collection of the lyrics to some of the 250 songs he wrote. Read these lyrics and use them as fuel in our fight for a BRAND NEW DAY.

THE VOICE OF BRITAIN

Walking round the streets, hand in hand with fear,
No-one can tell, what is round the bend,
Don't side with the other side,
'Cause if we do we'll find you,
We want to know exactly if you classify as friends.

Chorus:

*'Cause this is the voice, the voice of Britain,
And you'd better believe it!*

*The voice, the voice of Britain,
C'mon and fly the flag now!*

It's a time when our old people,
Cannot walk the streets alone,
Fought for this nation, is this all they get back?
Risked their life for Britain, now Britain belongs to aliens.
It's about time that the British went and took their Britain back!

Chorus

Now have a go at the TV and the papers,
And all the media Zionists who'd like to keep us quiet,
They're trying to bleed our country,
They're the leeches of the nation.
But we won't give up quickly,
We're going to stand and fight.

Chorus



ON OUR STREETS

Walking down the subway, at the weekend, after a good night out on the town,
There's gangs over here, gangs over there, there's gangs everywhere.
You'd better watch out now, you're on your own.
It's the day of the boys dressed in blue.
You'd better watch out if one of 'em looks at you.

Chorus:

*On the streets, of our towns
On the streets, all around,
On the streets, everywhere,
On the streets, it makes you scared.*

Standing in a concert having a good time,
Paid your money out to see the show,
In come the cops looking for trouble cos you're White men.
Would you believe this was Britain 84?
It's the days of the boys dressed in blue,
You'd better look out if one of 'em looks at you.

Chorus

You never see the politicians out there, standing on the streets,
They don't care if your kids are fed, or got shoes on their feet,
They don't know what's happening, they don't see what's going on,
If they did, they'd all be screaming, what the hell is going on.

Chorus

People seem to think, if it's in the Sun, they've got to believe it.
Try to tar everybody with the same brush,
Remember birds of a feather don't always flock together these days,
So don't get carried away by the sight of us.

Chorus



MEAN STREETS

It's not easy outside, looking in,
Never being part of things, they say that we have sinned,
We stand alone, those precious few, they know that we won't hide,
We're surrounded by red mobs, and police who take their side.

Chorus:

*We're on the mean streets, out in the city,
We're on the mean streets, everywhere,
We're on the mean streets, out in the city,
We're on the mean streets, the fighting is there*

What's that smell, what's this hell, it's democracy,
Who owns the press, we can guess, the ones with the money,
One man, one vote, but still they gloat, the media has control,
Three party state, decides our fate, the TV owns our souls.

Chorus

We're attacked behind our backs, we're doing all we can,
If the knife should take our life, at least we never ran,
We know the reds are in the beds, with the police tucked by their sides,
The real scum are the ones who run, and once we believed their lies.

Chorus

BUILT UP, KNOCKED DOWN

The summer was coming, I was out in the fields,
Then I heard a guitar playing, loud and clear,
saw an old man, sat by a tree,
He said, "Come and listen to me son now, come and listen to me"
He said, "Hey boy, what does life mean to you?
Does it mean go out, get drunk, drown your blues?"
He said, "If that's what it means to you, well that's a waste of life,
and I've got nothing more to say to you."

Quit my job and I went out, I bought my first guitar,
Then I started to learn that thing,
Instead of propping up some bar,
Sent a tape, got a contract, made us all so glad,
They started messing round with us,
Now life's just as bad, just as bad now.

Are you trying to mess us up, trying to make us quit?
If that's what you're trying to do, Jewboy, you're not achieving it.
He said, Built up, Knocked down, knocked down to the ground,
Built up. Knocked down, knocked down to the ground.



NEW NATION

The cattle are lowing, the vultures are crowing,
The traitors are celebrating, they think they've won the day.
They can stop their clowning, soon they'll be frowning.
They think that they have beaten us, but we will not be tamed.

Chorus:

*New nation free and true, I pledge my life to you,
Now the situation is so tense,
New nation free and true, I pledge my life to you,
If you fall we'll fall in your defence.*

The cowards are running, the pressure is coming down.
And people who were on our side, now turn and look away.
State money is never short, they use the people they have bought.
They may buy some traitors, but we will have our day.

Chorus

They might think that they have won, but one day our time will come.
They'll regret their treason, revenge will taste so sweet,
When our people come around, all the red flags will be torn down.
No longer will the money man look down from power's seats.

Chorus



PRIDE OF A NATION

The flags are raised in glory, before the battle starts,
Time is getting tighter, the pride it fills their hearts,
As they march towards the battlefield, the enemy ahead,
The final fight is almost here, it's either life or death.

Chorus:

*Pride of a nation, freedom, salvation,
Pride of a nation, they kept the flames alight.*

A uniform of midnight, with silver on their necks,
Their honour was their loyalty, to join their Eastern trek,
They fought against such massive odds, earning glory in the fields.
But history tries to put them down, for their loyalty won't yield.

Chorus

When the end had finally come, and the odds were just too great,
Their pride remained, the courage stayed, for all was not too late,
The fire could be re-kindled, the flames could fill the skies,
Like a phoenix from the ashes, the new dawn will arise.

Chorus



OUR PRIDE IS OUR LOYALTY

This is our land, the European man,
So where are you, a land so fair and true,

Chorus:

*I guess we didn't know,
Who was up there running the show,
But I can tell, it isn't you or me*

A weak land, is an also ran,
We must be strong, and have a common bond,

Chorus

Our pride is our loyalty,
Our pride is our loyalty,
Our pride is our loyalty to our land

For the blood and soil, of the lands they toiled,
And kept the banners high, and fought the alien lies

Chorus



EUROPE AWAKE



Europe what have they got to do, to make you come alive,
What has happened to the heritage that once was yours and mine,
A capitalistic economy, the commies roam the streets,
Old people aren't safe outside, what solution do we seek?

Chorus:

*Europe Awake, for the Whiteman's sake,
Europe awake, before it's too late,
Europe awake, Europe awake now.*

We've got to get together soon, and take our nations back,
The race board and the traitorous politicians should be sacked,
You can't turn on the TV because we know what we're going to see
Either moaning immigrants or the lying CND

Chorus

We've got to work together soon, and wage our nations' fights,
If we don't act quickly we're going to face the endless night,
We've got to take our nations back from all the traitorous scum,
You'd better believe it, our day will soon have come

Chorus

WHEN THE BOATS COME IN

Take no shit from anyone, cause Great Britain rules.
We will fight the communists,
Cause communists are fools.
Try to take our nation and give it to the blacks.
Won't take it anymore,
We're gonna take our nation back,
Cause we say,

Chorus:

*Nigger, nigger, get on that boat,
Nigger, nigger, row.
Nigger, nigger, get out of here,
Nigger, nigger, go go go.*

They riot on the British streets.
They're burning down our land,
Then the fools in government
Put money in their hands,
Give 'em money, give 'em jobs.
Ignore the British Whites,
We won't stand and watch our land.
Be taken without a fight

Chorus

We've got to love this land of ours and fight to keep it White.
Never gonna give it up cause we know we're in the right.
If they try to take it we will will fight them to the death.
Cause in the end the White man wins and there will be no rest.
'Til we say....

Chorus



EUROPEAN DREAM

Hey brother across the sea, what future for you and me?
I want to know where we stand, we fight the reds in all of
our lands
They try and crush us, bring us down, spread their poison
in all our towns,
Police protect them as they march, we're arrested, it's
getting dark.

Chorus:

*European dream, there's things that should be said,
European dream, better dead than red,
European dream, for freedom and for bread,
European dream, better dead than red*

It's our country, we want it back, love for our nations we
do not lack,
Why do the government put us down, when the real
enemy's all around?
It's not us whose planting bombs, it's the reds who are
marching on,
Your police force helps them, I hope they realise before
the end.

Chorus





The fires raged for many years, it was a time of change.
The heavens rained with sorrow's tears,
Then came the brand new day.
That day there was a burnt out field,
It's earth was black and charred.
It's flowers once were people's hopes,
But now they were the scars.

Chorus:

*After the fire, the runs there did lay,
After the fire, would come a brand new day.*

The field stood in misery, the years passed it by.
A new age was awakening, to bury history's lies.
One misty morn as day awoke, that field had come alive.
Seeds once sown that now had grown,
New life that would not die.

Chorus

The new age is approaching, and with it we shall be.
That field was 1945 and the seeds were you and me.

Chorus

SHOWDOWN

Look to the future, our law!
Storm is coming now, Race War!
The sky darkens, night falls!
The battle's coming now, your race calls!
We'll carry on the flag 'til the day we die,
Against the people that would kill us for the flags we fly,
We won't surrender, we won't give in,
We'll fight the fight and we will win.

Chorus:

*Stand up beside us and we will have our day,
Stand up against us, get out of our way...
The storm is rising, blood flows!
The banks are bursting, overflow!
Here it comes now, tidal wave!
Millions of people now, mass grave!*

Chorus

People to the left, people to the right, people in the middle that don't want to fight,
Traitors fight against us, a Showdown! The people in the middle get knocked down!
We fight for freedom, we fight to win, the colour of our uniform's the colour of our skin!
We know the traitors are in our midst, but now they're running like the others did

Chorus

WHERE HAS JUSTICE GONE?

We see it on the streets today, we see it on the news,
The so-called British law machine, and it's us who pay the dues.
Then we read it in the papers, that the black man gets it tough,
But we all know that this is wrong, and we have had enough.

Chorus:

*Where has justice gone, where does it hide?
Where has justice gone, or is it just another lie?*

If there's mugging on the streets today, or riots on the town,
We get told by a blinkered lord, discrimination brought it round,
He says they've got no money, he says they've got no jobs,
Well neither have we, and we don't see, that it gives them the right to

Chorus

It seems we stand convicted, accused of being White,
It seems that we are criminals, for we're not scared to fight,
There'll be no surrender, to all our people's foes,
We'll fight until the victory, we'll find the way to go.

Chorus

THUNDER IN THE CITIES

We see corruption at all levels,
We know the end is not in sight,
Our government is dealing with the devil,
They've set out to sell out all the Whites,

Chorus:

*There's thunder in the cities, there's thunder in the towns,
There's thunder in the villages, as the walls come tumbling down.*

We see our nation is declining,
But people who are Nationalists are few,
Too many people are just whining in the wind,
But from small acorns, mighty oaks grow.

Chorus

One day their evil will all crumble,
One day corruption will crash down,
Before our flags they will be humbled,
From our mouths will come the victory song

Chorus



WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM



Out from the smoke, our bloodstained battalions fly,
We charge at the enemy, no-one unwilling to die,
Our banners are flying, our sabres point to the sun,
Our pride is our race, and our enemies scatter and run.

Chorus:

*We're fighting for freedom, our destiny hangs by a thread,
We're fighting for freedom, the flag of our race at our head,
We're fighting for freedom, the land of our fathers at stake,
We're fighting for freedom, the blood of our ancestors sake*

Our enemies' ranks are a mixture of colours and hues,
We are as one, and as such, we never will lose,
We fight for our honour, we fight for a future of light,
For darkness will fall and engulf us, should we lose the fight.

Chorus

Hear sounds of the battle, the screams of the wounded are loud,
The warrior stands, and he wipes the hot blood from his brow,
We knew that the victory is ours, as we gaze at the sight,
The flags of our fathers are raised, in victorious flight.

Chorus

I CAN SEE THE FIRE

I can see the glint of belief, shining in your eyes,
I know you won't turn back, from the future as it lies,
You feel the anger, direct it at the people all around,
For it seems that they are asleep, it seems their hands are bound.

Chorus:

*I can see the fire, I know that it won't die,
I can see the flames are burning, deep inside your eyes.*

You're walking round, it seems as if you're in another land,
It seems that people function with their heads deep in the sand,
You start to shout, you start to scream, but the sleepers slumber on,
Then you awake, open your eyes, but the nightmare hasn't gone.

Chorus

It seems that life is going to be uphill all the way,
But you won't yield, it's no surrender, until your dying day,
For your ideals mean more to you, than very life itself,
For the pride you feel is all you need, it's more than any wealth.

Chorus



A TIME OF CHANGE

Times are changing, everywhere.
Our flags are raising, the time is near.
Our lives are just a struggle, that we're fighting everyday.
I know it can't be easy, it's a time of change.
it's a time of change.

Stood against us, are the scum.
They are worried, because their time will come.
One that called himself a revolutionary, turned out to be a gay.
Just a mummy's little rich boy, it's a time of change,
it's a time of change.

They call themselves political soldiers, but they have a massive yellow streak.
A soldier has strength, but they are bent, limp wristed and weak.
Pathetic little mummy's boys, there was nothing they wanted for.
But come the day when they have to pay, we'll see who they were working for.

The other enemy, he held aloft a cross,
And in his church that day, he prayed to be the boss.
But all he wanted was money, and all he wanted was praise.
Now he's gone and the bands play on, it's a time of change.
it's a time of change.



RETALIATE

The petrol bombs are flying, the people lock their doors,
We've got to make a choice now, in the middle of a war.
The enemy is taking over, out on the streets,
And we are not united, and so we face defeat.

Chorus:

*Retaliate, will be our only hope,
Retaliate, can we ever cope,
Retaliate, face them on the streets,
Retaliate, fight against defeat.*

As a young man lies dying, the mob begins to cheer,
Older people tremble, they have never known such fear.
The enemy's taking over out on the streets,
And we are not united, and so we face defeat.

Chorus

Mr Politician, I won't say I told you so.
But now the flames are rising, do you want to know?
You're blaming unemployment and the racists on the beat,
But I don't see White unemployed looting on the street.

Chorus

WHITE WARRIORS

fighting in the city, it's a matter of life and death.
 It's as easy as black and white, you'll fight 'til your last breath.
 They'll try and tell you that nothing's yours, but you're White men and they are wrong.
 You are the warriors, fighting for the people, you fight because you are strong.

Chorus:

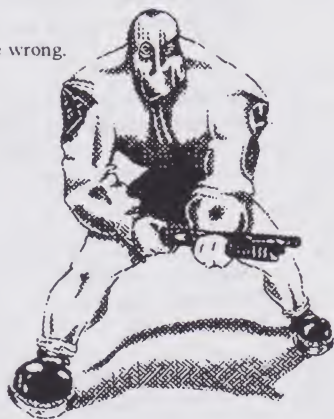
*And they'll never, never beat the warriors, White warriors, White warriors.
 And they'll never, never beat the warriors, White warriors, White warriors.*

If they would bother to look around, they'd see the writing was on the wall.
 A lot of young people are waking up, and answering the White man's call.
 If they try to put us down, and they don't destroy us, we'll get strong.
 Their constant lies and harassment, only helps to make us carry on.

Chorus

When the battle is over, and the victory is won.
 And the White man's lands are owned by true White people, the traitors will all be gone.

Chorus



THE SNOW FELL

He sat in a room, the square the colour of blood.
 He'd rule the whole world, if there was a way that he could.
 He'd sit and he'd stare at the minarets on top of the towers.
 For he was the beast, as he hatched his new plans to take power.

Chorus:

*And the snow fell, covering the dreams and ideals,
 And the snow fell, freezing the blood and the wheels,
 And the snow fell, they had to keep warm for survival,
 And the snow fell, and defeated the beast's only rivals.*

They took the old roads, that Napoleon had taken before.
 They fought as the forces of light against the darkness in a holy war,
 One day they were looking out, in the sunshine on the cornflowers.
 The next day they were freezing to death in the snow and the ice-
 cold showers.

Chorus

Then came the deadly road back, on the steppes of their retreat.
 The cold racked their bodies, but worse was the pain of defeat,
 And people who had hailed them once now turned and looked away,
 These people now knew that the beast was on its way.

Chorus

They finally came back, to the borders of their Fatherland.
 Enemies came, traitors everywhere at hand,
 Many people had fought and died, knowing that they had to win.
 And still it sickens my heart, to see the picture of the red flag in Berlin

Chorus



POWER FROM PROFIT

We've got to face the music, we've let our country down,
Upon the face of our nation there seems to be a frown.
Once we were all proud men,
Of this green and pleasant land,
But we've lost a lot of tears over you.

Very soon our time will come, our nation's doom will toll,
They've bought up all our industry and they've tried to buy our souls,
And then our nation's working men, will be the rich man's slaves,
Yes we've lost a lot of tears over you.

Chorus:

*It's power from profit, they're buying our souls,
It's power from profit, puts you on the dole,
It's power from profit, a good job's hard to find,
It's power from profit, they'll soon own our minds.*

I think it's time our people stood together all as one,
And took back all our nation's wealth when the profiteers have gone,
Our working men would be fairly paid, for all their sweat and toil,
Yes we've lost a lot of tears over you.

Chorus

It's power from profit, the capitalist's a thief,
If he stands against us, he'd better stay out of our reach.
We will fight against them with a hammer, and a gun
And when our people start to rise, the traitor's time will come.

Chorus

And when our time has finally come, and we've gained our brave new world,
The people stand and hail the dawn, the banners are unfurled,
We've got to be on guard to see that they don't come again,
Because we've lost a lot of tears over you.

Chorus

IF THERE'S A RIOT

Walking down the streets you're avoiding the cops,
With your size ten boots and your number one crop,
People avoid you as you pass by,
Only the smart one knows the media lies.

Chorus:

*If there's a riot in here tonight,
If you try it in here tonight,
If there's a riot in here tonight,
That's bad news.*



Read the latest slander in the daily news,
Whatever lies that the editors choose,
Stories concocted in a liar's lair,
How could we do it when we weren't there?

Chorus

You'll find yourself banned from everywhere,
You'll find the criticism real hard to bear,
Keep a strong will, hold your head up high,
Make sure skinheads never die!

Chorus

SUDDENLY

We live in changing times,
Where certain thoughts are now a crime,
Power flows through an evil pen,
And freedom's light is growing dim.

(Chorus:

*One day if suddenly, I'm forced to take my leave,
Will you still carry on, with the things that we believe?
One day if suddenly, they take my life away,
Will you still be fighting to win a brand new day?*

The people who stood against us,
Seemed to be above the law,
With the power to listen to private moments in our lives,
With the power to come kick down your door.

(Chorus:

Our strength comes from ideals many years old,
A strength that has survived within our blood,
A strength our foe has recognised,
And sworn to drag it down,
He wants to drag our people through the mud



WHITE RIDER

You ride through the streets with your head held up high.
For your flag and your country you're willing to die
Your forefathers fought and your forefathers died
The died for a feeling they felt deep inside.

(Chorus:

*White Rider, White Rider, your strength is your pride,
White Rider, White Rider, you'll stand, never hide,
White Rider, White Rider, your flag is your voice,
You scorn the conscripted, you're fighting through choice.*

Your flags are unfolded, salute them with love,
To fight for your race is a gift from above,
Some fools will oppose you, true men will stay loyal.
But the victory shall be ours for the blood and the soil.

(Chorus

You feel love for your people, disdain for the fools,
The enemies led by the Zionist's tools,
You fight for your race which shall be proud and free,
The only reward that you crave is victory.

(Chorus



OPEN UP YOUR EYES

Open up your eyes, you are in for such a surprise.
You have no idea what is going on.
You're just being used once again.

Chorus:

*Open up your eyes, tell me can you see now,
Open up your eyes, can you see clearly?*

Tell me why you're doing what you do,
Is it someone else now or is it you?
You tell me you aren't in it for wealth,
But you're just there for the profit, yeah nothing else.

Chorus

Left wing and they're brainwashing you,
I tell you now there must be something you can do.
At least my self-respect remains with me.
Cos I don't pretend that I'm something I can't be.

You have got to try to run your own life,
You keep yours yeah, and I'm gonna try mine.
You look around and then you will realise,
You see so many people in a different light.

Chorus



I stand and watch my country, going down the drain.
We are all at fault now, we are all to blame.
We're letting them take over, we just let them come.
Once we had an Empire, and now we've got a slum

Chorus:

White Power, for England,

White Power today,

White Power for Britain,

Before it gets too late.

We've seen a lot of riots, we just sit and scoff.

We've seen a lot of muggings, and the judges let 'em off

Chorus

We've got to do something, to try and stop the rot.

The traitors that have used us, they should all be shot

Chorus

Are we going to sit and let them come?

Have they got the White man on the run?

Multi-racial society is a mess,

We aren't going to take much more of this

What do we need?

Chorus

If we don't win our battle, and all does not go well,

It's apocalypse for Britain, we'll see you all in hell

Chorus

THE WARRIOR SONG

Returning home from the battle fields,
Take your seat in the hall of Kings,
Celebrating recent victories,
Look towards what the future yet may bring.

Chorus:

*The warrior is here, fighting for victory,
The warrior is here, fighting for victory,
Let's drink to the mighty warriors,
Let's drink to the Northern winds,
Let's drink to our women's beauty,
Let's drink before the war begins.*

When you were young you chose the life of a warrior.
To live and die to keep your people free.
You had good times, you had bad times,
You did everything by heart.
Your life is built around honour and loyalty.

Chorus

Let's drink to the coming battle,
Let's drink to the blood soaked fields,
Let's drink to the thrill of combat,
Let's drink as our foes all yield.
Let's drink to our mighty warriors,
Let's drink to the Northern winds,
Let's drink to our women's beauty,
Let's drink before the war begins.
WAR!!



FREE MY LAND

I stand and watch my country today,
It's so easy to see that it's been taken away,
All the immigrants and all the left wing lies,
Why does no-one else ask the reason why?

Chorus:

*We were the country that had everything
we were the country, Rule Britannia we would sing,
We were the country and we could never lose,
Once a nation, and now we're run by Jews'
We want our country back now.*

It's time our people stood together side by side,
It's time we stood and fought against the media's lies'
The capitalist and the communist, well they co-exist,
And if you love your country you'll be on their list.

Chorus:

The sands of time are running out for this land,
It's time the people stood and raised their hands,
It's time we drove out the traitors that we can see
It's time this nation should be free!
Free my land now!!

Chorus

SICK SOCIETY (*Albert Marriner RIP*)

You risked you life, for this country, when you were young,
Never questioned orders, that they gave,
Because the love of the red, the white and blue was in your heart.
And I never thought I'd ever see the day, when I'd hear you say,

Chorus:

*Now look at the sick society,
Look back in time,
Now look at the sick society,
Who commits the crime.*

You did your time for King and country overseas,
Spent years to keep this nation free,
Now you're not allowed to walk the British streets today,
Now you're fighting against a foe you cannot see.

Chorus

When you want to march in a democratic fashion,
Through the streets of the country that you love,
Then you're struck down by a mob of screaming monkeys,
Raining in, with bricks from above.

Chorus

We'll remember the things that you have done,
Against all odds you would not run,
We'll remember the life you gladly gave,
Put an English rose upon your grave.

Chorus

Now you have died, fighting for your country,
Fighting against an enemy that's within,
Now I'll make a promise to your memory Albert Marriner,
We'll keep on fighting, until we win, we'll never forget you

Chorus



If you're interested in getting involved in the Blood and Honour Movement, please contact any of the following addresses:-

**YORKSHIRE B&H / BACKLASH MAGAZINE,
PO BOX 51, BRIDLINGTON YO16 5WZ, ENGLAND**

**BLOOD & HONOUR MAGAZINE,
BM BOX 6826, LONDON WC1N 3XX, ENGLAND**

**NS 88 VIDEOS/CDs,
POSTE RESTANTE, DK-3400 HILLEROD, DENMARK
I.S.D. RECORDS, DBC BOX 303, VESTERBROGADE 208
1800 FREDERIKSBERG C, DENMARK**

AINASKIN, BOX 601, SF-00 101 HELSINKI, FINLAND



EYES FULL OF RAGE

One day you'll wake up to find,
They've taken possession of your mind,
They'll make you into a number, they'll take away your choice,
They're going to make you into a zombie without a voice.

Chorus:
With your eyes full of rage, eyes full of rage,
With your eyes full of rage, and a heart full of hate.

Life as we once knew it is now dying,
White rights are disappearing from the Earth,
They'll take away our birthrights, take away our lands,
They're going to take away what was ours since time began.

Chorus

It's time that we all stood up for our nations,
It's time that we all made that sacrifice,
We'll stand against the traitors, we'll stand up for our rights,
And we will never give them up without a fight.

Chorus



AS LIFE BLEEDS AWAY

Out there on the fields, where battles are fought,
There lies a million soldiers dying,
in a war which they've been caught,
But back home in the government where the traitors dwell,
With thoughts of profit, no ideals,
they'll send you somewhere, pretty much like hell.

Chorus:
As life bleeds away, as life bleeds away,
As life bleeds away, but the soldier tried,
As life bleeds away, as life bleeds away,
As life bleeds away, so does a nation's pride.

In a war fought for profit, in a war fought for greed,
Life, it costs nothing, it's just another mouth to feed,
In a war fought against a brother,
in a war from which we're suffering still,
A continent still mourns her children,
in a war in which White pride was killed.

Chorus

LAND OF ICE

Talking about a land that is made of ice,
A land in the North that is full of pride,
Hearts full of fire, forests full of snow,
Always made welcome by the friends we know.

As we board the Swedish ferry
and journey through the night,
Gothenburg is waiting,
Hearts of fire, land of ice,
Hearts of fire, land of ice.

We cross the mighty ocean and arrive next day,
Comrades are waiting on the dock of the bay,
We toast old friendships as we shake their
hands,
We swear to keep fighting to release our lands,
The next day on to Stockholm
to meet comrades of the fight,
Their pride is Sweden's struggle,
Hearts of fire, land of ice,
Hearts of fire, land of ice.

Bevera Sverige Svensk is the slogan there,
Nordic pride is the thing they share,
To save their Northern country from the Marxist
plague,
To stop their country dying they fight every day.
They're fighting in Uppsala,
In Sodertalje they fight,
In Boras and in Malmo,
Hearts of fire, land of ice,
Hearts of fire, land of ice.



FORTY SIX YEARS

Eighty seven was his final year,
Nearly five decades through a veil of tears,
A man whose courage was unsurpassed,
No surrender to the very last.

Chorus:

*Forty six years, forty six years,
Forty six years, he stayed true to his faith.*

They tried to break him with their corrupt ways,
Offered freedom to the end of his days,
They wanted him to denounce the Fuhrer,
But his devotion was always true, yeah.

Chorus

Now he's dead Rudolf Hess is free,
He paid the price for his loyalty,
A man who left a son and a wife,
We won't forget his sacrifice.

Chorus

IAN STUART



**HIS SPIRIT
LIVES ON!**